

The World

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SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
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at 207 East 115th St.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—LORD BUILDING, 112
NORTH 7TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—22 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR
SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

CHRISTMAS OPPORTUNITY YET.

The last Saturday before Christmas. Holiday preparations are at their height. On the Friday of the coming week Santa Claus will have completed his round of the households honored by his annual visits. On that same day The Evening World Christmas Trees will yield their precious harvest to the children of the poor.

There is brief space now to see to it that this harvest shall be marvellously complete. There is short time in the entry to the list of patrons of the enterprise the names not already there.

But there are no reasons for not adding those names. It is never too late to be generous until the opportunity is forever past. In this case the opportunity is open for five days yet.

What a pleasant culmination it would be if in the opening days of next week that Tree Fund could be so splendidly boomed that even its projectors would be amazed. Then, indeed, should the children of the poor have a Christmas to be remembered. Then, indeed, should thousands and thousands find cause for new rejoicing that there is a holiday time to move the hearts of men to fine fellow-sympathy.

"The clock struck one and down he ran," according to the old nursery legend of the mouse who ran up the clock. "The clock struck three and down went he," was the case with a Tennessee Professor who, with his head turned by much drink, leaped to death from a high bridge yesterday. Another foolish one to his fate. But will the example make another man wiser?

A "violent" mania terrifies a household in New York and is besieged two days by determined policemen, to whom he finally surrenders meekly as any lamb. A "harmless" lunatic in Brooklyn suddenly shoots a friend dead, wounds his sister and blows his own brains out. Who shall presume now to classify the sane and the dangerous among crazy men?

The Evening World will give a Christmas dinner to the newboys. At least 600 of the little fellows will sit down to the hospital boards. So the paper will make a merry holiday for these hustlers. And may it be forgiven for reflecting that it will be all the happier itself for the joy it gives to the boys?

Black Noah Richards literally sang for his life yesterday in the public courtroom when he crooned over the negro melody he claimed to have been singing at the time he is declared to have been murdering Policeman Strumman. Few murder trials have developed so picturesque a feature of the testimony.

Two green-goods victims meet in town and confound. One from far Wilmington State, the other of Jamestown, N. Y. Their mugging at the bait cost one of them \$140, the other \$285. What a reaching of soul to soul men have been their when they exchanged confidences.

Strange sight, that in Cincinnati, of people hustling and jostling each other in their anxiety to get where they could pay their taxes. Strange, that is, until one reflects that it was not anxiety to pay the money, but to avoid the penalties for delay, which actuated the crowd.

It is a good deal more than a mite that George W. Carver adds to the riches of the Drexel Institute at Philadelphia, in presenting almost his entire collection of rare plants, autochthonous and manuscripts to the new establishment's library.

A World's Fair dinner in New York next Monday night is expected to do much for the Exposition in Chicago next year. Whether through a dinner or otherwise, New York certainly must do all it can for that enterprise.

If baseball is to be restored to its old position of prestige, the public would pause long for its good-by to the old order of leagues and associations. It's the good of the game, the people want.

"To dispossess BILLY McGLORY." Yes, dispossess him of the idea that he can longer flourish in New York despite the call of law and order.

So busy with his committee he hasn't time to have the grip. Happy Sayer Omaz, after all!

The river police ought to do lightning work when they get their new electric launches.

"Billy McGLOTH held for trial." So far, all right. Let the law keep its grip.

Boom the Christmas-Tree Fund!

HO! FOR THE TREES.

Only a Few Days Left to Help Fill Them.

Give with a Will and Make the Poor Children Happy.

More Money Wanted to Care for the Army of Waifs.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier N. E. World, Publisher, 1267 Broadway, New York. All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Manager "Evening World's" Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE.

The American, United States, National and Western Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge.

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Young Englishman.....1.00
Lorita......15
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H. T. Wilson......50
Lennie Wells......25
Helen......25
W. J. K......25
John, Louis and Marie Item......50
Kate and Lillian Williams......50
Rosa and Carrie......50
L. C. W......50
Linda and Marguerite Halsted......50
Mrs. A. B. S.....1.00
Annie L......25
Abbie Becker......25
Red Bank......30
Cash......10
Lena Schwartz......25
Berrie Lundberg......35
Cash......10
A. J. M. B. C......25
B. L. C......25
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Baby Dora......10
Little Willie......10
Gussie, Katie and Charlie......50
Howard......10
Eddie Trach......50
Unknown......25
F. and N......50
E. and E......10
Edna......10
J. F......50
Harry Gade......50
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Harry J. Mingrave......25
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Lip Frank......25
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Anselm......25
Sueann Frank......25
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Abe Strauss......25

Answers to Christmas Letters.

Please don't be so distressed about the "proceeds of the last Violet Literary entertainment." If the total is ever so small it will be big enough to make some child very happy. The nice thing you say about the EVENING WORLD is very pleasing, and your interest in the "youngsters" and "their empty stockings" is simply sweet.

Dear Miss Mitchell:

Please inform the Ladies of the Hotel Castle that the EVENING WORLD cannot comply with their request for Christmas stockings for distribution among the children in their neighborhood. It already has 30,000 poor little boys and girls on "the list," and the Christmas Tree editor is at his wits' end to get enough holiday hoisery to go round. If, however, any child of your acquaintance would like to be left out of the circle of merit, send his address to the editor and he will be supplied with tickets and favored from the Fund overhead.

Dear Little Cathy Reed:

Yes, yes. Please send "The Twilight of the Gods" we have over a hundred down on hand, and facilities for distributing one hundred more. Send a note to Christmas Tree Express, 74 Fifth Avenue, and the package will be called for.

Two Little Orphans:

Of course you may. The Christmas Tree in Nilsson Hall will be most convenient for you. Be on hand at 10 o'clock Christmas morning. Get your "sad mamma" to make you a bag about twelve inches long to hold the toys and goodies that will drop from the Tree for you, and to her not to be sad.

Dear Tootie:

DEAR Tootie: Christmas week is not the time to receive a favor, and if you "want to come to the Tree" very, very much you shall come, and that's all there is to "the way things are worked." There is, however, a word of explanation necessary. This Christmas Tree Fund is a sort of girl and little boy affair. That shuts out the big fellows, but later in the day, between 11:30 and 1:30 o'clock, THE EVENING WORLD has a Christmas dinner for the newboys.

So, if you have no other engagement, you might get a ticket at THE WORLD office and go round to the spread just to see how much turkey, with passengerette trimmings and mince-pie, you could tuck away without spoiling the fit of your Prince Albert. Mind, I don't say you may not leave the tree and come, but I do say that you will find a jolly welcome awaiting you at the dinner party.

Dear Van R.

Popcorn? Yes, bushels of it. Be sure and have that hot in your pocket mended.

Neil Barker:

Don't fret, children dear. We know just where the house is in Broome street. Keep an eye on the letter man and you'll get the tickets.

Dear Mrs. Gaden:

Just as sure as Christmas comes your tots will be remembered.

Baby Dear:

If you are in dead earnest and really "want to do something for the ragged children" get your father to write a check for \$25 and send it to the Fund. That will throw just 100 tons into convulsions of happiness.

Dear John E.

The horse is a wonder. It reached THE EVENING WORLD's storehouse without a scratch and with the money well clipped or invalid boy. We'll give the preference to a John about your age, as you desire.

NEIL NELSON.

To Make a Child Happy.

Inclosed please find 25 cents for the Christmas Tree Fund, hoping it will do some little good.

ANNE L.

Two Elizabeth Girls.

Please accept this small offering of 40 cents for the children's Christmas Fund.

JOSE and CARIE, Elizabeth, N. J.

An Eye to the Children.

Please find inclosed 50 cents for the children's Christmas Tree Fund. I am a man of many years, but I take an interest in the future of the children.

M. P. WILSON.

She Will.

I am a little girl, not yet four years old. My uncle has read to me Neil Nelson's article in your paper today, "Life Chilled by Poverty."

Packages Received.

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